THE SWORD INTERVAL

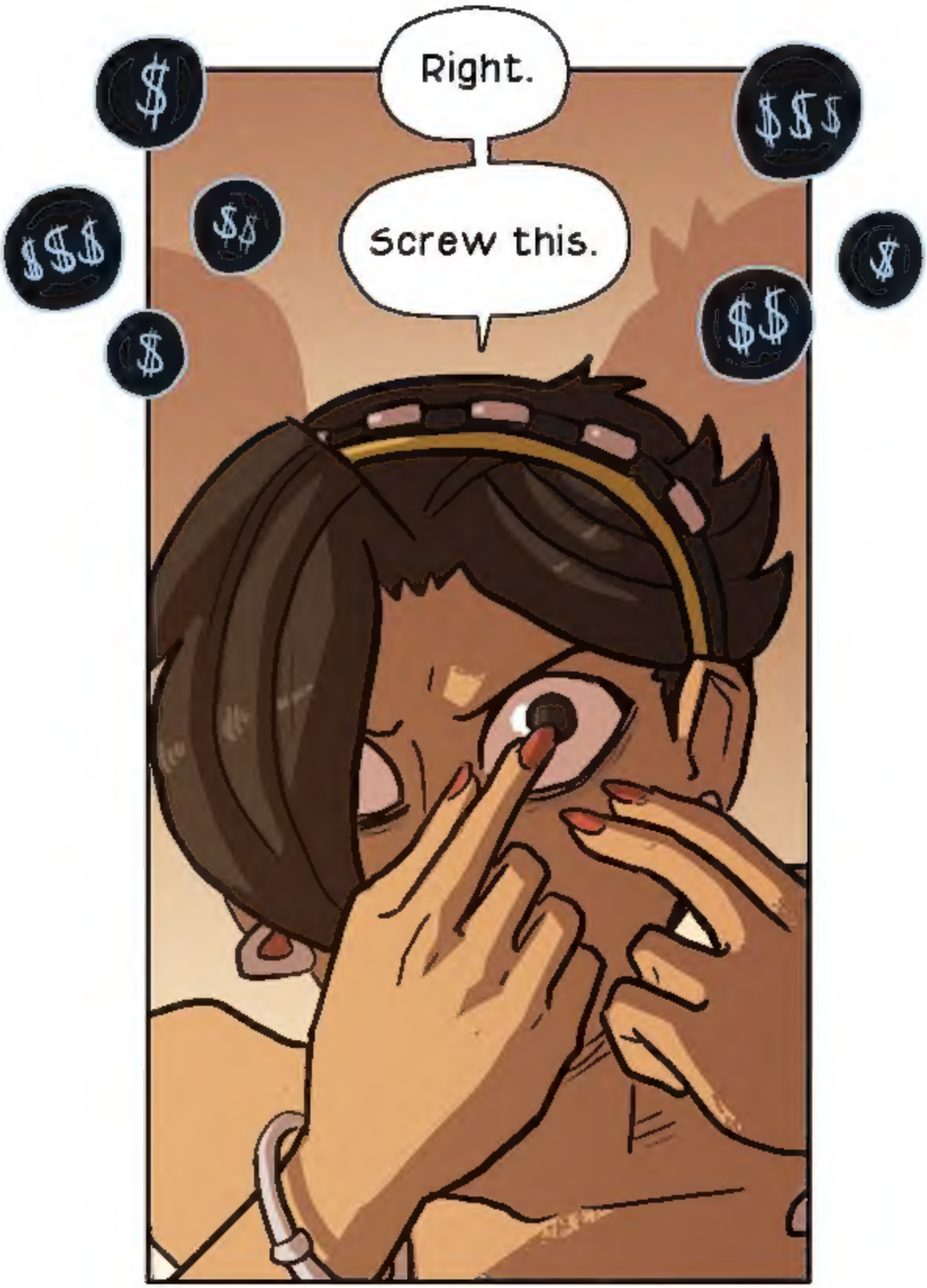
BY BEN FLEUTER

Forty seven.
Forty eight, anyone?

Forty eight.
Mm, fifty million.
Fifty one.
Ah.
113

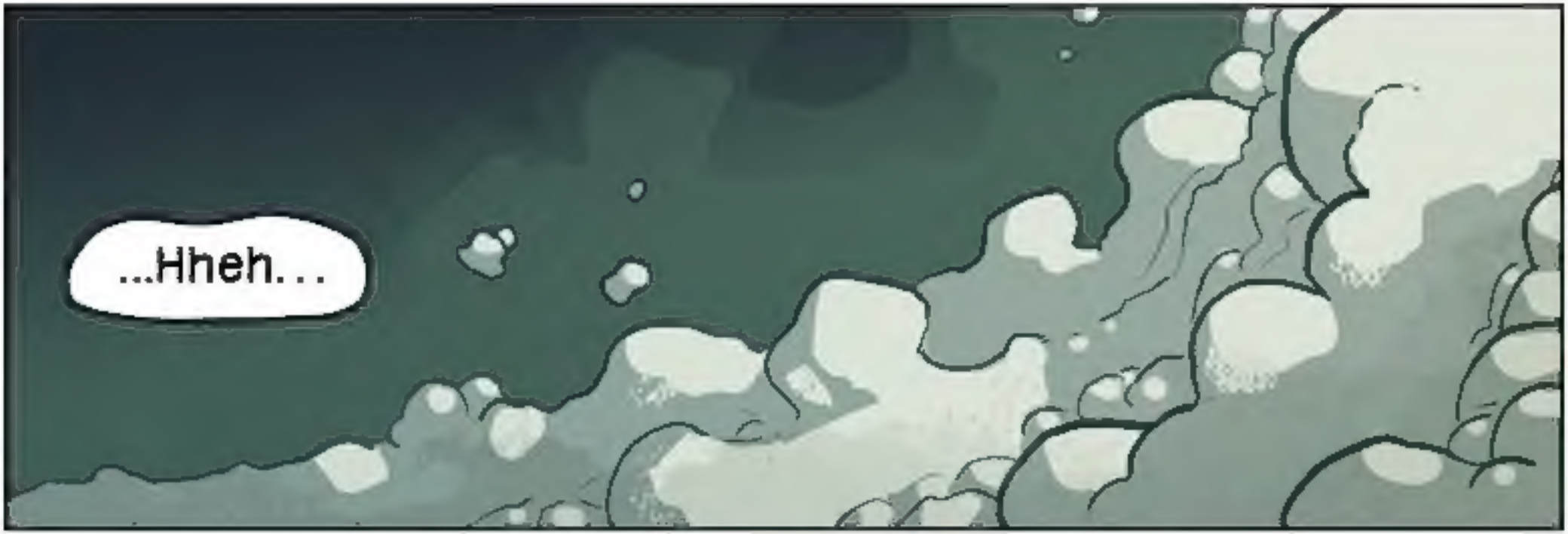
Fifty two!
113
Fifty two million.

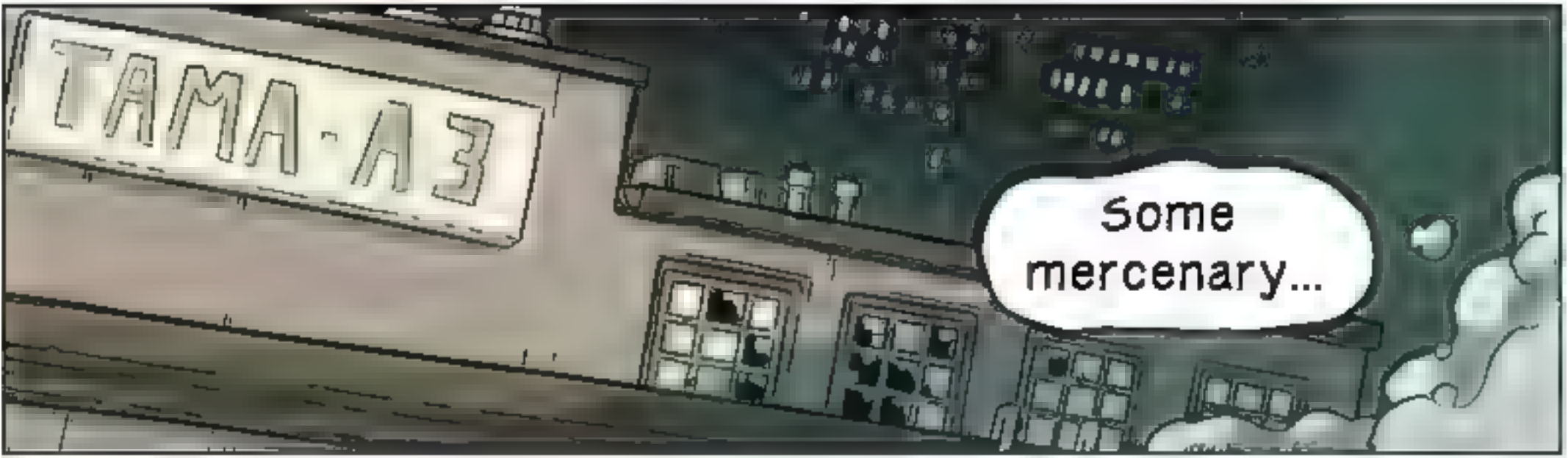
Fifty three.
Fifty four.
Fifty five.
Hrmph.
Fifty six...
113


Right.
Screw this.

Ahem
And now was acknowledged the presence of the Red Death!
She had come like a thief in the night! And one by one dropped the revellers in the blood-bedewed halls of their revel!

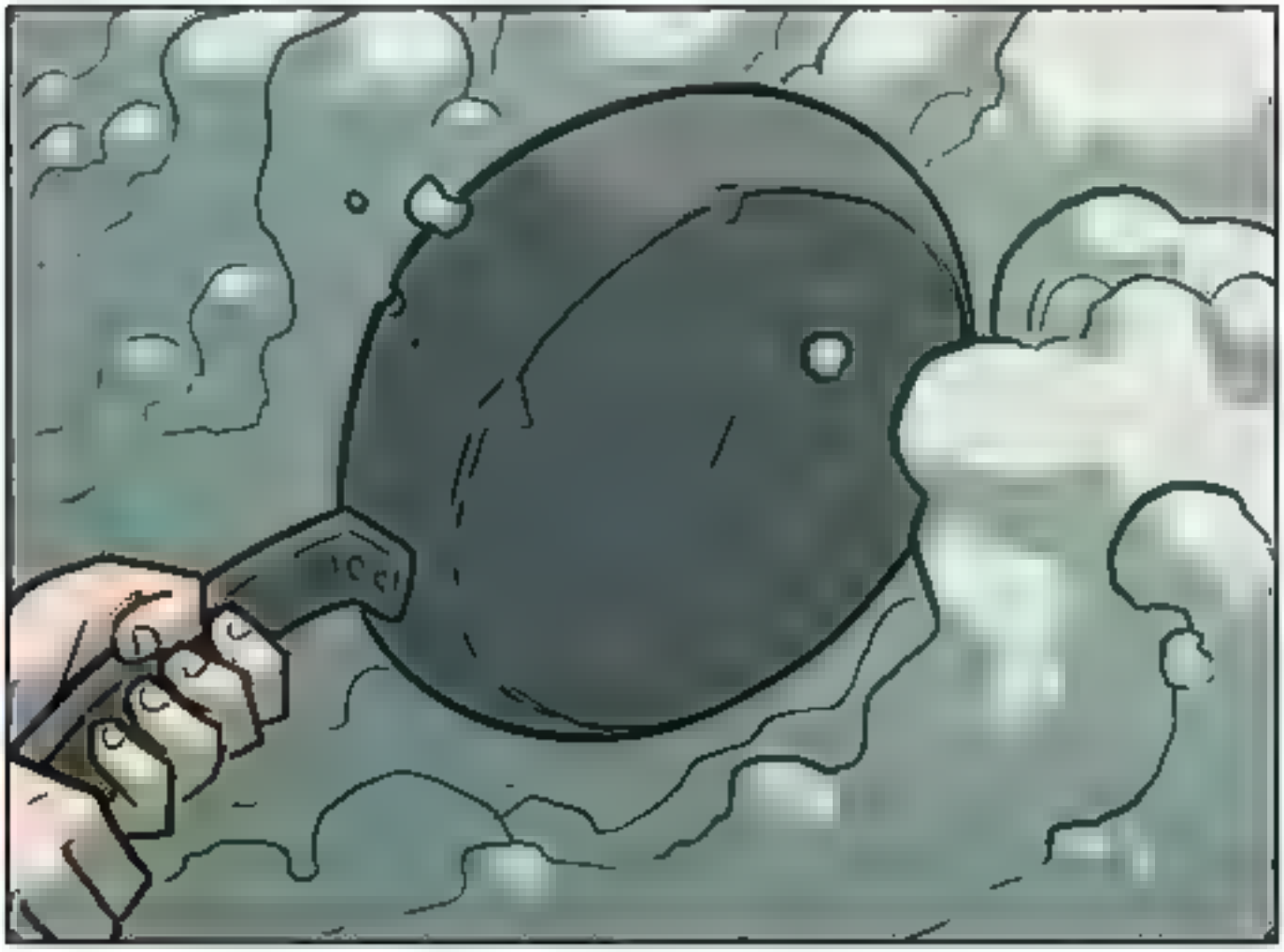
And died
each in the despairing
posture of the fall!

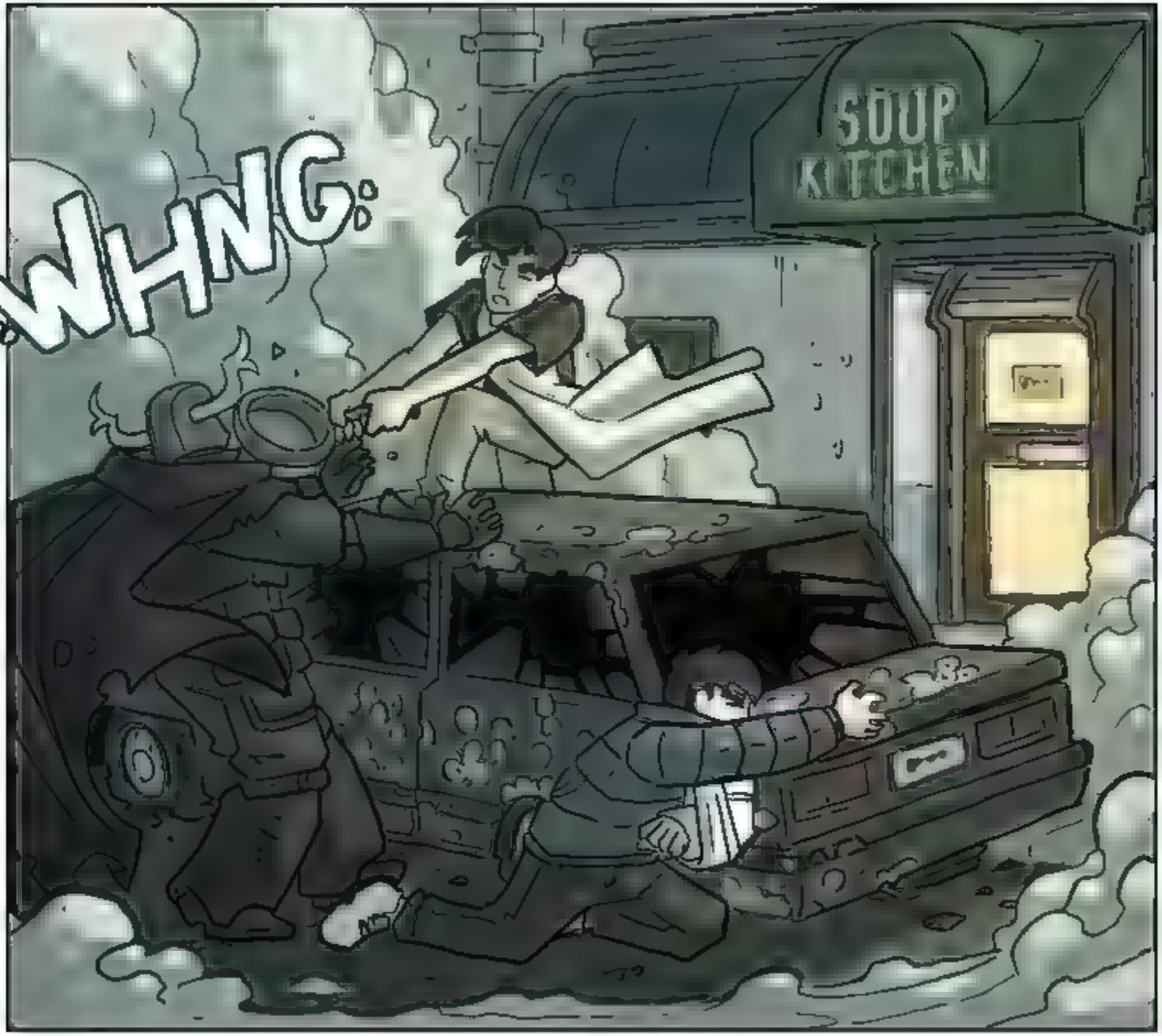

...Hheh...


TAMA-A3
Some mercenary...

Thinks knowing your limits is a weakness.
B-but thing is... Thing is I'm fine with dying. Fine with finding redemption taking on some monster that's worth it.

And that monster?
It's gonna be a bigger one than you, champ.




WHNG:
SOUP KITCHEN

THOK

SHK

CLANG
CHOK

WHK CHAK
CHK
WHD
CHOP

CRNCH
WHD
THD
CHOK
WHK

pant
huff
hff
huff

Told you not to come out.
You're not the boss of me.

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